

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, March 20, 1902

\$1.00 a Year

Lam Cards.

RICHARDSON & TIPTON,
Attorneys and Counselors-at-Law
MARLINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention
given to all business placed in
their hands.

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Attorney-at-Law and Notary
Public

HUNTERSVILLE, W. VA.
Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas county and in the Su-
preme Court of Appeals.

H. E. VAN SICKLER,
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Practices in Greenbrier and ad-
joining counties.

F. RAYMOND HILL,
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Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Court of Appeals of the
State of West Virginia.

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Attorney-at-Law

MARLINTON, W. VA.

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Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Court of Appeals of the
State of West Virginia.

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Practice in Pocahontas and adjoin-
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attention given to all legal work.

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given to all legal work.

JOHN A. PRESTON. FRED WALLACE.
PRESTON & WALLACE,
Attorneys-at-Law,

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Will practice in the courts of
Greenbrier and adjoining counties,
and in the Court of Appeals of the
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Prompt attention given to col-
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Pocahontas and adjoining counties

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Will practice in the courts of
Pocahontas and adjoining counties
and in the Supreme Court of Ap-
peals.

W. A. BRATTON,
Attorney-at-Law,
MARBINTON, W. VA.

Prompt and careful attention
given to all legal business.

Physicians' Cards.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon,
MARBINTON, W. VA.

Office and residence opposite the
Marlinton Hotel. All calls an-
swered promptly.

L. J. MARSHALL, M.D.
Physician and Surgeon,
MARBINTON, W. VA.

All calls promptly answered.
Office over Marlinton Drug Store.

D. R. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

RELLA F. YEAGER,
Administratrix of H. A. Yeager,
dec'd.

DR. M. STOUT,
DENTIST,

Has located and is ready for
business in the Bank of Marlinton
building, Marlinton, W. Va.

HENRY A. SLAVEN,
Practical Land Surveyor,
Meadow Dale, Virginia.
Maps and Blue Prints a specialty.
Work in Pocahontas County soli-
cited.

THE ALLEGASH DRIVE.

By Holman F. Day.

We're spurred with spikes in our
soles;
There is water a-swash in our
boots;
Our hands are hard-calloused by
peevies and poles,
And we are drenched with the
spume of the chutes.
We gather our heads at the head
where the axes have toppled
them loose,
And down from the hills where the
rivers are fed
We harry the hemlock and
spruce.

We harroop them with the peevies
from their sullen beds of snow
With the pick pole for a goadstick
down the brimming stream we
go;

They are hitching, they are halting,
and they lurk and hide and
dodge,
They sneak for sulking eddies,
they bunt the bank and lodge.
And we almost can imagine that
they hear the yell of saws.

And the grunting of the grinders
of the paper mills, because
They loiter in the shallows and
they cob pile at the falls,
And they buck like ugly cattle
where the broad dead water
curls.

But we wallow—and welt 'em
with the water to our waist,
For the driving pitch is dropping
and the drouth is gasping
"Haste!"

Here a dam and there a jam, that
is grabbed by grinning rocks,
Gnawed by the teeth of the rav-
ening ledge that slavers at our
flocks;

Twenty a month for daring Death
—for fighting from dawn to
dark—

Twenty and grub and a place to
sleep in God's great public park
We rootless go, with the cook's
bateau to follow our hungry
crew—

A billion of spruce and hell turned
loose when the Allegash
drive goes through.

My lad with the spurs at his heel
Has a cattle ranch bronco to
bust;
A thousand of Texans to wheelie
and wheel
To market through smother and
dust.

But I with peevie and pole
Am driving the herds of pine;
Grant to my brother what suits
his soul,
But no bellowing brutes in mine.

He would wince to wade and wal-
low—and I hate a horse or
steer!

But we stand the kings of herders,
—he for There and I for Here.
Though he rides with Death be-
hind him when he rounds the
wild stampede,

I will chop the jamming king log
and I'll match him deed for
deed.

And for me the green wood savor
and the lash across my face
Of the spitting spume that belches
from the back wash of the race

The glory of the tumult where the
tumbling torrents rolls

With half a hundred drivers riding
through with lunging poles.

Here's huzz for reckless chances!

Here's hurrah for those who
ride!

Through the jaws of boiling sluices
yeasty white from side to side!

Our brawny fists are calloused,
and we're mostly holes and
hair,

But if grit were golden bullion
we'd have coin to spend and
spare!

Here some rips and there the lips
of a whirlpool's bellowing
mouth,

Death we clinch and Time we fight

For behind us gasps the drouth.

Twenty a month, bateau for a
home and only a peat at town,

For our money is gone in brace
of nights after the drive is down

But with peavies and poles and
carefree souls our ragged and
rootless crew.

Swarms gayly along with whoop
and long when the Allegash
drive goes through.

Here a sweet Christian woman:

"I do not believe that we shall be
forever singing in heaven. We

shall forever praise the Lord and
delight therein. But I believe we

shall work and learn and work
and rise forever in knowledge and
effort. As the little child carries

the crude attempt of his hand to
the kind instructor for inspection

and helpful criticism, so I imagine

our future selves doing when

under and with the great and bles-

sed Teacher, our Lord and Sav-

ior in Heaven, and some time He

may say encouragingly even unto

us, 'well done!'" Action is the

first rule on earth and it may be in

Heaven.

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

A private school will begin at

Marlinton, Pocahontas County,

on the 17th day of March, 1902.

Pupils of every grade may find

help here; and teachers on the

up grade movement may find here

the stuff which pushes the mental

car up the steep incline towards

the top of the literary ladder. En-

roll at once. Music a specialty.

Yours for improvement,

GEORGIE M. SHEARER,

Marlinton, W. Va.

ACTION.

Dr William Cary, the great pioneer of Foreign Mission work in India, left on record: "If anything is written of me after I am gone, say that I knew how to plot;" and much is in that word. So many begin, continue a little while and then drop off, relinquish work, "give up" in a word, and accomplish nothing. There is little in mere beginning—any one can begin, but there is much in continuing, and here and there we find a few who hold on however faint at heart occasionally, keep silent over that and still pursue.

"Will you ever shovel away this mound of snow, my lad?" asked a passer by of a boy tugging with his feeble spade. "Yes, sir, I keep at it." And here lies the secret, that keepateness which one must possess if he would accomplish anything. The road is not easier in certain lines of work: the obstacles are not fewer and the spirit of man has its variations, but he who can plod, who can tread the uneven road and tramp down the opposing obstacles undismayed is the one who shall succeed in the end. Onward and upward, let the motto be—plodaway the impatient complain and the indolent slumber, yet even be temperate, yes, temperate in all things for the body is not made of iron. The Lord remembereth that we made of dust and we should remember it too: so many sad instances, mostly of persons young and inexperienced, present themselves, forgetting the limitations of nature and pushing the powers mentally and bodily beyond the danger mark. This is not the plodding we mean; the very sight and sound of the term implies a kind of slow constant haste—it portrays the farmer, for one, who steadily incessantly impels his plow along the furrow, he neither rustles nor lags and the work is accomplished. What a vast array of different occupations in the world and how beautifully do they supplement each other. Every son of man has a place in the world's workshop, and if he be the right sort he will scramble and search until he find it—grant that in the melee and with outward circumstances he should mistake and get in where he had better be out; an earnest mind and willingness to plod will stand him in stress and stead, and mountains of difficulty may still be overcome and he issues forth successful in the best sense. It is the toilers who keep planetary things a going and the scene is greatly marred by the idlers, the loungers, the useless, yet in spite of them, the world is full of action and the honest worthy plodders shall inherit a portion of the earth and gain remembrance of their fellow men. The interesting history of many artists in the old countries prove the assertion that unrelaxed effort toward one goal will win at last: they simply plodded along in their profession often under great difficulties and privation, and here and there an artist realizing how plodding finally brought him to success, has held that any person could do the same in his line if willing to work, be patient and wait. To this we demur. Artists are born not made, and a world full of them would not be the God meant ours to be. Each man in his place, each man to his trade. For instance, at time not so far removed backward, the merchant A. T. Stewart arose: struggling and poor, he relied on himself, his wife the other half and of the same mind. Stewart was his own salesman, accountant and errand boy and all. He lived over his store in a frugal manner and Scotch-like he saved his earnings and enlarged his business, and in time he had no peer in New York at that date.

From Gibratlar we took a carriage over to Spain and visited the ancient town Linea. We drove over the piece of neutral ground between the British and Spanish possessions, along which the sentinels of the two nations tread with their measured pace. The contrast between Gibratlar and Linea is very great—much to the credit of the British government and the discredit of the Spanish. As soon as we were on Spanish soil beggars swarmed about and the town seemed filled with bar rooms and worse. Linea is a representative town of a country with a closed Bible and an open Sabbath. There is a bull fight at Linea almost every Sunday during the winter. We are prouder of our British cousins after having visited Spain and still that pride grew at the sights we saw of

Algiers which belongs to France.

We left Gibratlar Wednesday afternoon and steaming into the Mediterranean were struck with the beauty of the distant hills of Southern Spain, but we are prepared to believe that distance lends enchantment to the view. The Mediterranean is a brighter blue than the Atlantic. On a former voyage a young lady asked her friend why this was so, and the answer came: "If you had to wash Italy you would be blue too."

On Thursday morning the Atlas Mountains of North Africa were plainly to be seen, and even villages along the coast were visible. These mountains contrast very much with the volcanic mountains of Madeira and the limestone cliffs of Gibratlar. They look like the beautiful rolling slopes of the Blue Ridge. We weighed anchor outside the harbor at Algiers. The Captain thought he could not safely approach nearer the shore on account of the storm that was raging. Most of our party landed on Thursday night, but some stayed on ship, and were not able to get ashore Friday. I was one who braved the rain and wind. For two days our forces were divided as transportation between the land and ship were dangerous. I was glad to be able to see somuch of the old piratical strong hold with its strange and conglomerate

FROM FOREIGN LANDS

Rev. Henry W. McLaughlin Writes Inter-
esting Letter to the Times.

Tales of his Visit to Gibraltar, Linea
and Algiers. Interesting Description
of the Mohammedan Mosque.

population. We have here a strange commingling of the ancient and modern. Here are electric street cars with a two cent fare, and the American is here with his store and machinery. I had occasion to buy a pair of rubber boots; as rubber comes from the East. I was surprised to find that they had been manufactured by a Boston firm.

Gibratlar, Algiers.—While we have been visiting lands where flowers bloom perpetually, our trip since we arrived at Gibratlar has not altogether been a bed of roses. We encountered one of the worst storms that has visited the Mediterranean for many a day. This is the trail end of the American blizzard of which we read to day. Rain and wind have made landing at the above named place difficult. Some have gone on board at all, but being used to storms in West Virginia and on the Atlantic Coast these storms and the difficulties which seemed so great to many of our ease loving passengers were of real little import to me and interfered but little in my "doing the places". As we steamed into the Strait of Gibratlar about day light on the morning of February 19 we found it nine miles from Tarifa to Ceuta, the Southern Pillar of Hercules. Tarifa, which stands on the southern point of Spain, is the site of the piratical fort where for many decades tolls were collected by force from every passing vessel. From the name of this fort of the pirates we get the word "tariff."

Gibratlar. This great strong hold of war has not so much interest for a man of peace as other points, yet so much of modern history gathers around this great rock, and as it is emblematic of the strength of the second greatest nation on the earth, it cannot fail but to attract even the devotee of peace.

It may seem what egotistical to say "second greatest nation" to Great Britain, yet it may be somewhat allowable, as it was in Joseph Rocher's case when he was asked who was the greatest preacher in London. His reply was: "Modesty forbids me to say, sir. If you want to know who the second greatest preacher is I can tell you."